



MUSEUM PROGRAM

ROY AND HAZEL BALDWIN

July 7, 1974

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BALDWIN, R.

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Museum Talk: Roy Baldwin (RB) and Hazel Baldwin (HB)  
Program Chairman: Elaine Hostmark (EH)  
Date: July 7, 1974  
Location: Estes Park Area Historical Museum

EH We're particularly glad to have Roy Baldwin be the opener of this series because he has been active in the development of the museum all the way. That scrapbook there has excerpts right from the very first about Roy Baldwin doing this and that, such as helping with the building and moving things. He still takes care of the grounds and the building every week.

RB Well, as I guess you all know by this time, I came here in 1900, which is quite a while ago. If you're good at arithmetic, it's not hard to figure that out. When I was a youngster, I lived out at Beaver Point in an old ranch house, which was torn down only a very few years ago. This might be called "Then and Now" talk, with the accent on the "Then."

Maybe to emphasize the difference, we should point out the things that we didn't have then that we take for granted now. For instance, we didn't have electricity, we didn't have telephones, the town didn't have a water and sewer system, and I probably could go on and on. The lack of electricity was made up by the use of kerosene lamps, and they didn't give a very good light. Woe to the housewife who forgot to fill them with kerosene each day, trim the wicks and clean the chimneys because if they weren't adjusted properly or were turned up a little too high, she had a smoked chimney and couldn't see anything. Woe be to the person that forgot to get some more kerosene when he went to the grocery store because, of course, we didn't have filling stations in those days either. Almost everybody had a can that would hold from two to five gallons of kerosene, and if the cap off the spout was lost, the grocer put a potato on the end of the spout! But that was just one of the daily chores. We didn't have many stores here, no bakeries, and the housewife really had a hard row to hoe in those days because she baked all the bread and other pastries that the family used and usually had a garden in the summer. Almost everybody had some cows and chickens to augment their income. It was a hard life you might say, but people didn't know any better so they didn't think anything of it.

There was one nice thing in those days: everybody knew everybody else, also their peculiarities. I remember Mr. Ferguson, who owned the hotel--Highlands Hotel it was called then--between Beaver Point and where you break over the top of the hill to see Mary's Lake. It is shown in that picture, but the hotel proper is gone. Mr. Ferguson was a rather elderly man, straight as an arrow, and he had long white whiskers which came down here. Each evening, or almost each evening in the summertime, he rode his

horse out into the Thompson River and fished off the horse--and he caught fish! Now some people, when I tell 'em that, they look at me as if the climate had finally got me, but Mrs. Graves can authenticate my story.

Of course, I knew Enos Mills and his brother Joe, Abner Sprague, J. D. Stead, and all the other big shots, because as I say everybody knew everybody else and their saddle horse and their dog! So, we were more of a family, and it was kind of a case of one for all and all for one.

The roads weren't anything to brag about in those days. We didn't have blacktop roads. It was a saying then that if a logger was looking for more timber to cut, he dragged a log chain behind him and made a road then. But there were graveled roads, and because there were no cars, they didn't have to be too good for lumber wagons to go over. Most men had a horse, a favorite saddle horse; and if a man had a reputation of not being too good to his horse, he wasn't thought too much of. The roads were pretty rough and pretty dusty, but there wasn't as much traffic so it didn't matter too much.

The housewife didn't have any electricity for modern washing machines or for an iron; some had a hand-operated washing machine, and they were in more of the luxury class. The housewife, usually from her chickens and butter, went quite a ways to augment the income of the family. The garden in the summer--almost everybody up here had a small garden in those days. The vegetables that were grown were a very good quality; they had a flavor all their own. Warren Rutledge, who owned property out in what we called the North End, usually raised quite a lot of potatoes; and he had a ready market for them because everybody liked to get a hold of some of those mountain-grown potatoes.

There was quite a bit of logging in those days; most people don't know that a great deal of the lumber used in Elkhorn Lodge came from what is now Lower Hidden Valley. Howard James hauled the lumber a good share of one winter out of there with a four-horse team, and he had the misfortune to break a leg when he was up there one time. How in the world he did it I don't know, but he turned two of the horses loose, got the wagon apart, and rode down on the front end of the wagon, the two front wheels! He was laid up with a broken leg for quite a while.

Most of the people then didn't have the tourist dollar to depend on because there just weren't so many people coming here. The roads weren't conducive to tourism, for the mode of travel was horses, either stage or buggy or saddle horse so that the Park wasn't as well known then as it is now.

The center of the social life in Estes Park and the school were in one building which stood where the main part of the Estes Park Bank is today. That building, by the way, has been moved farther

west, and it withstood being moved a couple of times and survived two or three fires. It was a sturdy building, and it's still doing business today. We had one teacher who taught all grades. Probably some of the grades didn't have any pupils, and probably some only had one or two. But all the grades were taught in that one building. Later one winter the school was moved out to near Beaver Point because there were more youngsters living in that area than there were down this way. And then later on, there was a two-room log schoolhouse built where the First National Bank is now, and that was later replaced by a more modern building with more rooms and more teachers. By today's methods, schooling in those days would seem pretty obsolete, I'm afraid!

As for church activities, we had a preacher, Rev. E. J. Lamb, who lived up near what was later Long's Peak Inn. He got clear away from the pulpit, didn't read any notes, and preached hell, fire, and damnation for about thirty to forty-five minutes! I used to get so tired before he got through preaching that I would wish dire things to happen to him! And, by the way, I might correct one fallacy. Most people think that Enos Mills built Long's Peak Inn, but he didn't. Long's Peak Inn, which now has a different name, was built by E.J. Lamb and was managed for several years by his son Carlyle. I don't know where the idea started that Enos Mills built Long's Peak Inn, but he didn't originally. Then, of course, in later years Joe broke away and built what is now the Craggs Hotel.

Voice This Mr. Lamb that you're speaking of--would he be the one who came down Lamb's Slide on Long's Peak?

RB I don't know. I presume so because he was the only Lamb here in those days. Later, there were other families named Lamb that came in here. He and his son were both guides on Long's Peak and in other areas for quite a number of years.

Voice This would tie together then, I am sure.

HB I think, too, that Mr. Mills kept adding on to his original.....

RB Yes, he did. He built on and enlarged the building. He wanted to keep the place rustic. He wasn't in favor of modernizing it in the way we know modernization now, but he also was very proud of having a good table, a good dining-room, and famous chicken dinners. I know in later years I took parties up there a good many times to enjoy a chicken dinner.

Enos Mills was a man that was hard to get acquainted with. When you first knew him, you thought he was a short-tempered crab and all that, but it was his manner, his way. He didn't mean it. After you got to know him, he was warm, talkative, and willing to express his views. Of course, everybody knows that he worked very hard to get the National Park established here. Can I answer any more questions?

- Voice Didn't Joe Mills coach football at Colorado University in 1919?  
I think I played Freshman football with him there.
- RB Yes, I think he did. I know he was a coach. Of course, I was so young that those things didn't impress me then. I was only six years old when I first came here, so these big people didn't impress me very much!
- EH Roy, did you say that the first car ride you had was in the Stanley Steamer?
- RH Yes, that's right! I was a little barefooted, bareheaded, freckle-faced urchin trudging across Beaver Flat, and I heard a kind of a chug-chug noise. The Steamer didn't make much noise, you know, and when I looked around, here was this gentleman with a lady in this little car which had tires very little bigger than a bicycle tire. It steered with a tiller, and there was no windshield. The people sat up there very precisely, and the gentleman said, "Sonny, would you care to ride?" And I did! So he got out, took a key out of his pocket, stepped around in front, and unlocked a little shelf-like thing that let down, exposing a seat. I got up on there, and my feet rested on the shelf thing. That was the first auto ride that I ever had, and I think that I got the biggest thrill out of it!
- EH When was that, Mr. Baldwin?
- RB Oh, don't ask me dates!
- EH You were still a little boy then?
- RB Yes, I was pretty young. I think it was about 1904 or 1906.
- EH Was your family home at Beaver Point? Can you describe where it was located?
- RB Which home?
- EH The ranch house at Beaver Point.
- RB Well, it was a little west and a little north from the present Beaver Point store, cafe, and all that. It set back from the road less than a quarter of a mile, and it was kind of rustic, comfortable, and built mostly of native lumber. Native lumber was very durable, but it had a tendency to warp and crawl away if you didn't get it securely fastened down. There were a lot of buildings at first built out of native lumber before any other lumber was shipped in.
- EH Did you get your water clear from the stream then?
- RB No, we had a well, out to the west and north of that. It was, you might say, a spring. It was kind of a fair weather spring. If we had moisture in any degree, the spring worked; but in real dry

weather along toward fall, there was always water there, but not enough to run out. We had to have it pumped, and we had it pumped into a pipeline that was put in afterward. The first settlers here nearly all had wells although some had pumps and pumped water out of the streams. The water was very pure because there was nothing anywhere to contaminate it, and nobody worried about sewage disposal or that sort of thing.

Voice You mentioned the sawmill in lower Hidden Valley and that the lumber for much of Elkhorn Lodge came from there. Is it also true that a lot of the lumber for the Stanley Hotel also came from lower Hidden Valley?

RB I think a little of it did. That was known as Stead's sawmill, and I think it was moved out, along about that time. I believe that some of the lumber for the Stanley was hauled from there. Of course, Griffiths had a sawmill in various places where timber was available, but for a long time they had one up near Bierstadt Lake. Quite a lot of lumber came out of there. That road coming out of there was really a caution because it was pretty steep. If they put on a heavy load, they used what they call a rough lock on the wheels, made by wrapping chains around the wheels to cause more friction to prevent a very heavy load from running over a team of horses. In those days they said it was a poor horse that couldn't outrun a wagon, but I'm afraid they couldn't do it on that hill with the roads they had then!

Voice What was the approximate population of the area?

RB Well, I would hate to say what it was when I first came here; it couldn't have been too great, because as I say, everybody knew everybody else.

Voice One hundred fifty or two hundred?

RB Probably not over one hundred. Of course, they were pretty well scattered then. Where the McGraw Ranch is now, there were people by the name of Miller living, and the MacGregors' ranch was leased to some people by the name of Johnson. They were older people with three sons. Steads and Brinwood weren't built yet. Steads first belonged to Spragues. Then Mr. Stead bought into it, and then later bought out Sprague entirely. Sprague went over and built his own place to the south where you probably all know about Sprague's Hotel. Up at Long's Peak area there were families, and the Joneses lived where the Chalet is now. You see, we were pretty scattered, and that is why you needed a good saddle horse.

EH Isn't that the picture of the schoolhouse at Thanksgiving time where you all met together and had dinner?

RB Well, that's it! I went to school there. As I say, that was



the center of the social life here, and at Thanksgiving or any other great occasion, everybody gathered there at the schoolhouse. They were good cooks in those days, and they all vied to see who could make the best food to bring. It was all put on the table and served family style, and everybody was welcome whether they brought anything or not.

EH Where the Ferguson Hotel was, somebody said that place used to be a stagecoach stop. Why would a stagecoach be going up in that direction? You don't know that it was a stagecoach stop?

RB Beats me! I suppose the stage would go by, but I don't know why.....

EH Where would it be going, perhaps down to Long's Peak Inn?

RB Well, it could have gone over in that area.

EH Didn't it go to Moraine Park from there? It came over from somewhere in the east over towards the Mary's Lake area and went up to Moraine Park before it ever came down into Estes Park. That's what I have heard.

RB Could be.

EH Now this was very early.

HB What time are you talking about?

EH Gloria Mace said Charlie recalled stopping as a little boy; they used to give him cool milk when he stopped at that stagecoach stop. Maybe you could figure out the time from that story.

RB I remember the stages coming mostly from Lyons then; the trains ran as far as Lyons where the stages met the people; they were mostly four-horse stages. Talk about meeting the train, everybody liked to go to see the stage come in. The drivers liked to put on a show and would wait until they got across the bridge (which isn't in the location it is now) to let the horses go and bring them in on a high run. The tourists were getting hold of anything they could find.....(Laughter)

EH What do you know about the Stanley Hotel? What year was it built?

RB It was built in 1908, I think.

Man When did Mr. Stanley take over the operation of the Stanley Steamer?

RB Well, the Stanley Steamer....I don't remember exactly the year, but Mr. Stanley came out here for health reasons, became interested in the region, and put a lot of money into improving the road to get

in here. Then, after he built the hotel and saw the possibility of people coming in here, he built some of the first nine-passenger vehicles and later the twelve-passenger.

Man Do you know when he took over the twelve passenger buses?

RB Yes, they still had some of them left when he moved in, and, of course, he installed the White Gas car, not the White Steamer, but the White Gas car, and it was very successful. The Steamer was a very efficient car, but not too many people could operate it; I happened to have driven a few Stanley Steamers, but now I wouldn't know how to steam it up! The Steamer had smooth power; you didn't have to speed up your engine to get more power. It had a very small engine which was geared directly to the rear axle. You didn't change gears; you had a small lever under the steering wheel which was the throttle. You didn't open it clear up or push that thing clear up because the car might jump out from under you!

EH Mr. Baldwin, when did the stagecoach stop making its runs up here? About how old were you? Were you still a little boy?

RB Oh, yes, I remember the stages, and I remember when they started using the Stanley Steamers. Dates are my weakness! I suppose I was in the neighborhood of ten or twelve years old.

EH When the stages stopped, how long did they use the Stanley Steamer?

RB Quite a number of years.

EH Oh, did they? Until about when?

HB Well, I remember when I came up in 1914, they were still using the Stanley Steamers which were lined up--oh, six or ten of them--at the Loveland depot, and the drivers were calling, "Take the Stanley Steamer to Estes Park!" I came up in a Stanley Steamer one time. Of course, they don't make any noise, but have a tremendous whistle. When we passed a man fishing on a bridge and the driver gave this whistle, he scared the man so that he jumped right over into the river!

RB Jack Lemon was the driver.

HB Jack Lemon was the driver! Does anybody remember that long ago?

EH How much was the ride to Estes Park, does anybody remember?

HB I can't remember that.

RB I don't remember that. I remember later a cash fare to the valley was \$4.50, but that was later. I presume it was less money at that time. I am sorry to say that I had an argument with one of my passengers. I was a bus driver for a while before I learned better. There was a tour conductor that said he didn't need a ticket; he didn't need a cash fare because he was supposed to

be carried free. I said, "Well, I'm sorry, mister, but our strict orders are, a cash fare, a ticket, or a pass. You can't ride on my bus because I haven't got \$4.50 to pay your fare." Well, the manager of the Stanley called the office and Roe Emery, the manager down there, said, "Roy, I forgot to tell you to pass him; it's O.K." But \$4.50 looked pretty big in those days!

EH When did you and your wife meet?

RB You tell them! When did we meet?

HB Well, I don't remember. I guess about 1913 or 1914. I came up in 1914 to play at the picture show, the Park Theatre for the silent movies, the first year it was built by a man named Jackson. He was the brother of Mrs. Lewis that ran the Lewiston Hotel. I played there for about four years, I guess. When he sold it to Ralph Graham (Grimm, maybe?), I still played for Ralph Grimm until the silent movies went off and the talkies came in. I just played summers for a while because the show was open only in the summer, and then we were married in 1918, four years later. Ralph Grimm still had the movies, and I still played in 1918 for silent movies.

Estes Park has changed a lot since I came here. We had some experiences those days. In 1919 we spent the first winter here, and even some years later than that, we didn't have electricity all night; everybody had to hurry home by twelve o'clock because the lights went off. One year we had it only two hours a day, and that was in the morning. Everybody used their lamps and depended upon the water to run the electricity. They didn't have much water that year, so they had just a little bit of electricity. I remember one year when we didn't have water for a while; the whole main broke, and for six weeks, the whole town was without water. We had the advantage over the others because we lived by the river, and we chopped a hole in the ice to get our water. Everybody else came down there to get water, too. For six weeks, they hauled their water until the main was fixed. That was quite an experience!

Man Roy, could you tell us a little about Lord Dunraven?

RB He'd quit raving before I came here! He was kind of a scoundrel in some people's opinion. By hook or crook, he acquired a good many acres of ground. I've forgotten how many acres. I think in the neighborhood of 12,000 acres or something like that. His aim was to make a hunting preserve here for himself and his English friends; and he, it was said, hired men to prove up on a certain piece of ground. Some way they acquired title to it. It was learned afterwards, when the title was contested, that nobody had made any improvements, which they were supposed to do according to the law, nor had lived on the land a certain length of time.

The law gave you some time off the ground because it was hard to stay on a piece of ground without going out to work some place. The Irishman's story is that Uncle Sam bet you 160 acres of land

against five years of your time that you couldn't live there without starving to death, and that pretty well expressed it because sledding was kind of hard in those days. It was pretty hard to make a living, and lots of people would go and maybe build a fence or barn or house on their ground and then go away to get a job somewhere else for part of the year.

So Lord Dunraven was considered pretty much of a knave, but he did in a way get Estes Park before the public and get it known. He was instrumental in getting some building done here, and I have been told that John Cleave, who had the first little store and one of the first post offices, was the postmaster.

The post office, when I came here, was down in the center of town, but I was told that before it had been out in the neighborhood of the MacGregor Ranch. It has been moved several times to my knowledge. It was in a small building just this side of the drug store, the Estes Park Drug Store, and I think it was moved just around the corner from that. John had just a bit of a store and carried a few groceries. The store was moved down the street where it was a good many years, and then moved back up to what was the saloon last summer, and it had various names.

So the post office has had several moves, and every time everybody was madder than hops because they'd just get used to going to one place and "Now I've got to walk clear down there to get my mail!" But when it was moved back approximately to where it was before, they were mad again! People resent change. They get in the habit, and they don't want to be moved. And we're no different from the rest. Quite a number of years ago, Ralph Macdonald, who owned the laundry at that time, built a square building just north of our property. Boy, were we mad about it! Couldn't see a thing for that building! It was a disgrace to the town, built out of sheet metal. We went on and on, but we got used to it. My son, being a painter, donated paint and painted the two sides of it that we could see; and after a while, time brings changes so that when they tore it down and moved it away, we were mad again! People resent change at anytime.

EH Roy, was there a doctor when you first came?

RB Not when I first came. Of course, everybody had their home remedies, and everybody was neighborly in those days. If they heard that John Jones was sick, they would go over to see whether they could help with the chores, nurse somebody, or do anything. If a man was badly hurt or there was an emergency, they made a bed in a spring wagon and hitched up the fastest horses they could find to rush him to the valley. But those old home remedies were pretty good, and everybody carried a stock of medicines that they thought they would need.

EH Who was your first doctor here?

RB Well, Dr. Workman used to come every summer, and he stayed and

owned property, owned a summer place beyond where Stead's Hotel was. He was a summer doctor, and although there were other summer doctors, in the winter we were pretty much alone.

Dr. James, one of the Jameses (Howard James's brother) was a doctor, but it was a funny thing. Doc, as we called him then, would get out of doctoring if he could; he didn't want to be a doctor. His family had insisted that he go on and take a course in doctoring, but he'd always seem to find something he had to do immediately, if anybody wanted to call a doctor.

HB Well, I remember Dr. Dixon. Wasn't he here about then when our children were little?

RB Yes, he was here.

EH About what year would that be?

HB Oh, 1925, somewhere around there.

EH What about Dr. Wiest?

RB Dr. Wiest, I think, was the first permanent doctor that we had probably.

HB But I remember Dr. Dixon (maybe Dickson?) who lived up there on the hill some place. I don't know where it was, but he took out kids' tonsils and things like that.

RB Kids didn't like him very well!

EH He'd go into the homes and operate on the table, wouldn't he?

HB Yes, on the kitchen table! Roy forgot to mention about the Stanley Hotel. The foundation of that was built on rock from the Baldwin place; they hauled rock from his folks' place.

RB That was in the days of wagons and horses, before trucks, and there were a good many wagonloads of rock that were hauled off the old Baldwin place, which as I say, is near Beaver Point, and are in the foundation of the Stanley Hotel to this day.

EH Do you remember the story about when they built the front room on the library in 1922?

RB Well, I remember when it was being done.

EH Roy, what about the wildlife when you were a boy here? Were there any animals here then that aren't here now? And was there an abundance of everything?

RB There had been a lot of elk, but for some reason they had migrated out of here. If you were here up until a few years ago, you probably remember the big stack of elk horns there was out at

the front there, as well as out at Steads, a great stack of them. They could be picked up on the hillside, which showed that there had been a great many elk here, but for some reason or another they had migrated out of this country. There were lots of deer, and we had bobcats, coyotes, and the usual array of small animals, probably a lot more than we have today because civilization and wildlife don't agree too well. The coyote, however, is an exception to that; they don't seem to be worried about civilization, and there are more coyotes today than there have ever been. Everybody had to watch their chicken coops those days because coyotes like fresh chicken.

- EH      What about mountain lions? Were there many of them?
- RB      There were a few. They were seen occasionally and were hunted with dogs, etc., but not many of them.
- HB      I remember when I first came here mountain sheep were just as common as deer and elk are now; you just saw them everywhere.
- RB      There were a lot of them, especially in Horseshoe Park and around Mary's Lake country, and then they got some disease. I killed off a lot of them. There were very few for several years, and then they started coming back.
- HB      The deer used to come down so much in the evening, especially in the winter time, right into our yard to the river to drink. They'd come down from Davis Hill; there were no buildings on Davis Hill then. It was just a big hill, and the deer would come down from there across our yard to drink at the river.
- RB      When it froze over, they'd cross the river on the ice.
- EH      Did the settlers hunt the deer very much for meat? I mean was that the chief staple diet in the winter time?
- RB      They told me that before I lived here that some men made quite a living out of killing deer and elk and taking it to the valley towns or even to Denver and selling it. They tell a story about a painter who had quite a large family and lived in the north part of Estes Park. His youngsters got to feeding the deer potato peelings and apple peelings, and in the spring he said, "I believe those things must have poisoned those deer because last fall there were thirteen of them, and now there are only five!"
- Man     I can't help inserting this because at the outset you said that this was mostly then and a little bit of now. I wasn't here then, but I am here now. Mrs. Baldwin mentioned that the deer came down and drank from the stream. For the last two years we have been fortunate enough since we live right across the street from the Catholic church to watch a doe bring down her two young fawns

on to the golf course to drink.

RB Deer soon lose their fear of civilization if they find they aren't being harmed; they soon learn that there is nothing to fear.

EH What's the story about the elk being shipped in by Mr. Stanley?

RB Well, I don't think it was entirely by Mr. Stanley. I think it was mostly the people of the town who got the idea that there were too many elk in Wyoming and no elk here so that maybe they could acquire some of them. Now what channels they went through to get them, I don't know. The elk were shipped, I suppose in cattle cars, I don't know, and then hauled up here on those Stanley Steamers by taking the seats out and building racks on them so they could haul the elk. At first the elk were kept out here at the Moore property, which had the big posts and then an arm out on each post with barbed wire. The elk were kept in there for a while. Because that was private property, I think they had to make arrangements to pasture them until they sort of got acquainted and got acclimated here, but I don't remember how many were shipped. I think they lost very few. The elk did very well, and now, of course, we have elk everywhere.

Man Do you remember anything about the fire that destroyed the so-called English Hotel? The Estes Park Hotel that Lord Dunraven built?

RB Yes, I was a pretty small youngster and didn't get to the hotel fire, but I think I was about the only one who didn't! This was quite an event in those days. It seems that there's an argument about when that fire happened. I think and still maintain that it burned in the early part of the summer of 1912; however, some historians say that it was in the fall of 1911. I still think it was in early summer, and I suppose the year was 1912. They don't agree as to how it caught fire; some say that it was a disgruntled employee that had been discharged who set the attic afire; however, they didn't have much fire fighting equipment in those days so that inspite of their efforts it burned to the ground.

The Lewiston Hotel fire is another one that you hear all sorts of stories about how it happened. I was away at the time working in Cheyenne, Wyoming, on an army camp that they were building there. They'd enlarged the army, and on the way home I stopped at Wellington to get some gasoline. When I went into the office to pay the bill, there was a newspaper spread out: "The Lewiston Hotel in Estes Park burns." I was quite astonished, but the general theory seems to be that it was an electrical short that started it because the switchboard, they said, just all lit up at once. They couldn't pinpoint the fire for a little while, but it seemed to be an electrical problem that was blamed.

HB I think that's about all that I can remember, too.

- RB Well, there was one thing in those days that's still true today here: everybody thought Estes Park was the grandest place in the world.
- HB Yes, they still do!
- EH Mrs. Baldwin brought something in tonight to give to the museum, and I'd like to have her tell about it.
- HB Well, there isn't very much to tell. I didn't know I was going to tell about it. I just thought it's lying around the house, and I don't use it. Maybe somebody would like it. I'd had it stored away so I did take it out and wash it. It was made by my grandmother in about 1870, and my mother kept it. She said, "Always keep this." It's just one of those little knit chair tidies, I guess they call them, and I thought if the museum wants it, they can have it.
- EH Thank you very much.
- RB You should give them your hat! (Laughter and applause)
- EH Well, we shall have some refreshments, and you can stand around and talk. Ask more questions if you wish.
- RB And I can still say that I don't know.....(Laughter)

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